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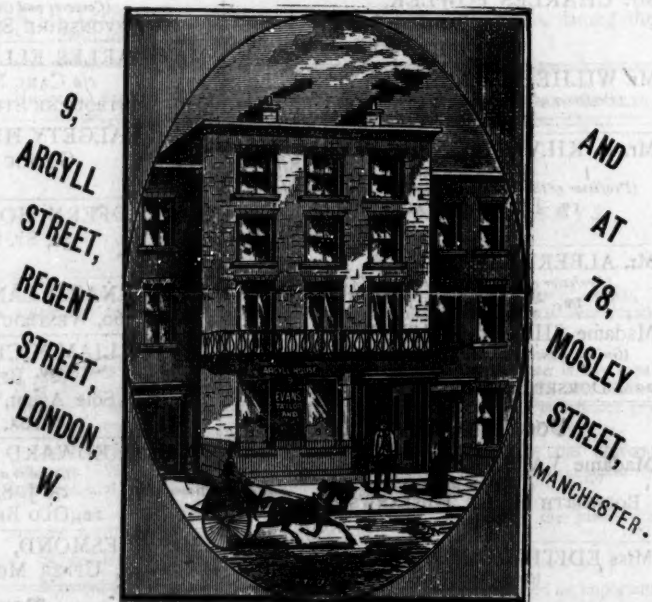
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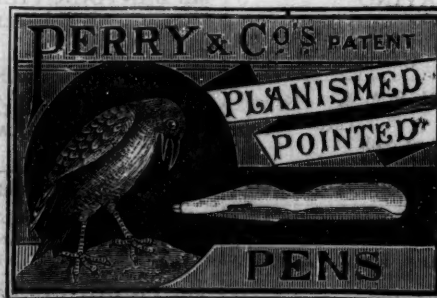
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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887.

THE MANAGER AND THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

A SCENE OF REAL LIFE.

Dramatis Personæ.

THE MANAGER. | HENRY ARKWRIGHT,
HIS CLERK. | (a British Workman).

A VOICE FROM ABOVE.

SCENE.—*The Manager's Office. Manager seated at his desk, smoking a cigar. Clerk busily writing. A violent knock is heard at the door.*

MANAGER.—Who in the world can this be? I had given strict orders that no one was to be admitted here.

CLERK.—I don't know, sir.

Enter ARKWRIGHT.

A.—There was no one in the outer office, sir, so I have taken the liberty—

MANAGER (*aside*).—Where in the world can that confounded Huggins have gone to? (*To ARKWRIGHT, very politely.*) What can I do for you, my good man?

A.—Well, sir, if it's not inconvenient, I should like you to settle this little bill of mine. I have written several times, but can't get no answer from no one.

MANAGER (*in great astonishment*).—Why,—has not your bill been settled? (*To clerk in a stern voice.*) Why has not Mr. Arkwright's bill been settled?

CLERK.—I don't know, sir.

MANAGER.—What is the amount?

A.—£147 14s. 3d.—£16 4s. to coloured lamps for Jubilee illumination, £18 for stage ditto in Act II., Scene I of—

MANAGER.—All right, my good man. I must speak about this at once to my secretary. (*Speaks through tube in a loud angry voice.*) Why has not Mr. Arkwright's bill been settled?

VOICE FROM ABOVE (*in a husky stage whisper*).—*Pas d'argent dans le tiroir.*

A.—What does he say?

MANAGER.—He says, "Let that 'ere gent step up here." Will you kindly go upstairs. You will find your cheque ready made out. (*Arkwright about to go.*) Stop, what is your initial?

A.—Henry, sir.

MANAGER.—And do you spell your name with a w?

A.—Yes sir, and with a "hache."

MANAGER (*through the tube*).—Mr. Arkwright's initial is H, Henry; and don't forget to put the w before the "right."

VOICE FROM ABOVE.—*Je m'en fiche pas mal du double-v.*

A.—What does he say?

MANAGER.—He says you can fetch it yourself. (*Exit Arkwright through one door and manager through the other. Great disturbance heard above. Re-enter Arkwright, in a state of great excitement.*)

A.—I can't make that French fellow upstairs understand, but it's quite clear he hasn't a cheque or a sovereign in the till. (*Observing the absence of manager, to clerk.*)—Why, what's become of your master?

CLERK.—I don't know, sir.

A.—He was here this moment; has he gone out?

CLERK.—Yes; he's gone out.

A.—And when will he be back?

CLERK.—I don't know, sir. (*A. violently assaults clerk. Quick curtain.*)

MR. F. H. COWEN.



FREDERIC HYMEN COWEN, the composer of *Ruth*, and the musical hero of the hour, was born at Kingston, Jamaica, Jan. 29, 1852, and showed, like most musicians, his love of and aptitude for the art at a very early age. When four years old his parents brought him to England, to place him under Sir Julius Benedict and Sir John Goss, and superintended by them he continued his studies until 1865. We are informed that at this time he also received the advice of Mr. Henry Russell, the composer of "Cheer, boys, cheer," and other widely-popular songs, who is still amongst us at an advanced age, but in full possession of his keen artistic perception and

marvellous memory. About this time Frederic Cowen made more or less serious attempts at composition, and his Opus 1, entitled "The Minna Waltz," was published as early as 1858. Two years later he composed and published an operetta in two acts, entitled *Garibaldi; or, the Rival Patriots*, performed in private with the composer as accompanist at the harmonium. A pianoforte trio produced at a *matinée* given by Mr. Ella, also belongs to this period of childhood. In 1865 the young composer went to Leipsic to study under Moscheles, Hauptmann, and Reinecke; and after a short sojourn at Berlin, he returned to this country. According to a biographical sketch, the facts of which were probably inspired by the composer himself, and which was published in *Musical Opinion*, he wrote between the years 1867 and 1870 a quartet for two violins, viola, and violoncello, an overture for full orchestra (which was performed at one of the late Alfred Mellon's concerts), a fantasie sonata, a trio, a concerto for pianoforte, and a symphony in C minor, which latter was played at the composer's own concert at the Crystal Palace, and subsequently at the Philharmonic Concerts at Liverpool, on each occasion meeting with deserved applause and creating an impression of great confidence in the young composer. In 1870 his first cantata, *The Rose Maiden*, was produced at St. James's Hall, and in the following year Mr. Cowen was commissioned to write incidental music to Schiller's "Maid of Orleans," for Mr. Kuhe's concert at Brighton; in 1872 contributed a "Festival Overture" to the Norwich Festival. In October of the same year his second Symphony in F was performed by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, and four years afterwards he made his *début* at the Birmingham Festival as composer of another cantata, *The Corsair*, the libretto founded on Byron's poem of that name. His reputation by this time being firmly established, Mr. Rosa entrusted him with the setting of a libretto adapted for musical purposes from Lord Lytton's "Pauline," by Henry Hersee, and this work was produced in November, 1876, at the Lyceum Theatre. It was favourably received, but has not been able to keep the stage.

His first attempt at oratorio was *The Deluge*, also written for Brighton. In 1880 Mr. Cowen was for a short time conductor of the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, and later in the same year gave a series of orchestral concerts, at which his Suite de Pièces, the *Language of Flowers*, and his third symphony, the "Scandinavian," were produced. In 1881 he wrote for the Philharmonic Society a Sinfonietta, and for the Norwich Festival a sacred cantata, *St. Ursula*. The "Scandinavian" symphony was followed by the "Welsh," also produced by the Philharmonic Society, and another cantata, *Sleeping Beauty*, was given at Birmingham in 1885. In the summer of the present year Herr Richter, who had given the "Scandinavian" at Vienna, thus launching that work on a successful tour through the concert-rooms of Europe and America, produced another symphony, No. 5, in F, in our opinion its composer's finest work of that class. His most important sacred work was produced as lately as last week.

The bare facts, thus briefly related, give an idea of the industry of the composer, and, indeed, constitute an astonishing amount of things already achieved in one so young. The musicianly skill and the genuine impulse shown in many of these works, the grace of melody, the beautiful effects of instrumentation, and, most of all, the advance which almost each important effort shows upon its predecessor, give promise of still higher achievements in the future. We have already remarked that Mr. Cowen's fifth Symphony in F is, in our opinion, his best, and therefore even better than his charming "Scandinavian"—the most successful work in that important form of art ever produced by an English composer—and his "Welsh." In the same sense, according to the well-known proverb, *Sleeping Beauty* was the enemy of *The Corsair*,

and *Ruth* that of *St. Ursula*. The better was, in every one of these cases, the enemy of something very good; as to that, all competent judges agreed. We have not yet mentioned one important side of Mr. Cowen's talent, that of wedding the lyrics of the poets to charming music. In this branch the composer has shown himself most prolific, the number of his published songs amounting to no less than 150. That these are of unequal value, that in many of them the composer has considerably stooped to conquer, it would be vain to deny. The public, according to Wilkes, is a goose; and every wise man, while picking a feather out of it, has to pacify anserine susceptibilities. But it may be said, on the other hand, that where Mr. Cowen is genuinely inspired by his subject, he forgets popularity, and shows himself an artist endowed with genuine lyrical power. Some of his settings of Rossetti's words, and, most of all, that of Moore's, "There is dew for the flow'ret," are gems of their kind.

DA PONTE IN NEW YORK.

THE following sketch of the American career of Da Ponte, the author of the libretto of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, has appeared in the *New York Tribune*, over the initials "H. E. K.," standing no doubt for the name of Mr. Krehbiel, the accomplished musical critic of that journal. The life of a man who is inseparably connected with one of the masterpieces of music, and who lived for a time prosperous and famous in the Old World to die lonely and almost destitute in the New, is, as the sub-title of the sketch remarks, "a chapter of local history of more than local interest," and we are glad to present it to our readers:—

AMERICAN LIFE OF MOZART'S POET.

AN UNNAMED GENIUS RESTING IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE.

CHEQUERED CAREER OF THE POET OF "DON GIOVANNI."—A CHAPTER OF LOCAL HISTORY OF MORE THAN LOCAL INTEREST.

In all the chief cities of Europe preparations are making for the hundredth anniversary of the first performance of Mozart's opera, *Don Giovanni*, which took place in Prague on October 29, 1787. The majority of the festive representations will be given on October 29 of this year, but in Salzburg, the birthplace of Mozart, the anniversary performances have already taken place. They were under the management of the directors of the Mozarteum, who were anxious to enlist the co-operation of the most distinguished singers in Germany besides Hans Richter, the eminent conductor, and as this would have been impossible in the regular seasons of the various municipal and Court theatres an earlier date was chosen. At the commemoration by the Grand Opera of Paris the original manuscript score of the opera, which is owned by Madame Viardot Garcia (daughter of the first representative of Don Giovanni in the United States), will be exhibited to the public in the foyer of the opera-house. In Dresden the Tonkünstler-Verein, hearing that Luigi Bassi, who "created" the rôle of the dissolute Don at the first representation, lay buried in a Dresden cemetery, caused the singer's long-neglected grave to be restored and a marble cross bearing a suitable inscription to be placed over it.

Thus has a simple singer been honoured, while the resting-place of the colossal genius who created the music and the gifted and ingenious poet who provided him with the poetry to which he might wed that music, must remain without a distinguishing mark. Mozart's dust lies in a pauper's grave in Vienna, but where no one knows. The grave was never marked; the plot in which it was made was one that was dug up every ten years and filled anew. A storm drove back the friends who started out to attend the burial, and no one saw the body lowered except the sexton and his assistants. A noble friend who had undertaken the care of the funeral because of the illness of Mozart's widow, and who had expended eleven florins and thirty-six kreutzer on it (say about five dollars), did not enquire where the body had been put, and when the widow visited the churchyard after her recovery, the grave-diggers had been changed and no one knew where the remains of the great musician lay.

That was in December, 1791, in Vienna. Almost half a century later Lorenzo Da Ponte, the Italian poet, who had been Mozart's friend and collaborator with him in three operas, "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "Cosi fan tutte," died in New York. He had lived in the New World a full generation, more than one-third of a marvellously chequered life, a term of which embraced the birth and death of Mozart,

Beethoven, Schubert, Byron, Scott, and Napoleon Bonaparte, and the entire creative career of Haydn; he had been improvisatore, professor of rhetoric, and politician in his native land; poet to the Imperial Theatre and Latin secretary to the Emperor in Austria; Italian teacher, operatic poet, *littérateur* and bookseller in England; tradesman, teacher, opera manager, bookseller in America. He had enjoyed the friendship of some of the great ones of the Old World, and some of the noble ones of the New, and in New York he came nearer to finding a home than any where in Europe. He died within the recollection of many persons yet alive, and men whose names shine brightly in local annals followed him to his grave; yet the exact location of that grave is unknown. A few days ago the writer made a laborious search for it. All available records pointed to the old Roman Catholic cemetery in Eleventh Street, between Avenue A and First Avenue, as the grave-yard that had received the body of the distinguished nonagenarian just forty-nine years before. The place is overgrown with rank grass and weeds. There are no paths. Those who wish to read the inscriptions on the headstones must stumble along as best they can, now over irregular hillocks, now into deep depressions half filled with old boots, rusty tin cans, and other refuse. Many of the inscriptions have been obliterated by the action of the elements, some of the stones lie prone upon the ground (the bones which once they guarded having been removed, as the bright-eyed, fresh-faced, silver-haired old wife of the decrepit keeper explains), and in one place a large aillanthus tree in growing has taken up a stone halfway into itself. For hours the writer crossed and recrossed the decaying cemetery, scrutinising carefully every inscription; but in vain. No headstone was found bearing the name of Da Ponte, and there are no records to identify the spot where on August 20, 1838, his grave was dug. "It was before we began to survey our cemeteries," said the obliging clerk in the office of Calvary Cemetery, alongside the old Cathedral in Mulberry Street. It was from this Cathedral that the old poet was buried.

The life of Lorenzo Da Ponte has not often been told; it has never been all told, and the narratives which have found their way into print are full of inaccuracies. In Ulibischeff's book on Mozart his death is said to have occurred in December, 1838, instead of August, and when the municipality of his native town about twenty years ago wanted to erect a monument to him, it was found necessary to apply to New York to learn the date of his death. If at that time an answer was returned by the municipality of New York and the official records were consulted for the information, the chances are that an incorrect date was sent to Ceneda, for the records of the Health Department assert that Lorenzo Daponte (thus the name is written) died on August 21, 1838, which was four days after the true date and one day after his burial. The books are equally contradictory as to the date of his arrival in America and many other incidents in his career. Many of these contradictions are doubtless due to the want of definiteness which characterises the Italian autobiography which Da Ponte published in this city sixty odd years ago. In this work, which has been translated into German and French but not into English, Da Ponte is garrulous enough about many insignificant things, but silent about many others of vastly more importance, and his biographers in the handbooks on music and literature have pretty generally evinced an unwillingness to be guided in all things by Da Ponte's own utterances. An enquiry which has occupied several weeks has discovered many interesting things touching the American career of Da Ponte, some having almost a serio-comic aspect. Some of these are to be brought out in this article, to preface which it may be necessary to sketch hurriedly the European life of the poet.

Lorenzo Da Ponte was an assumed name. The real name of him who made it celebrated is unknown. He was the son of a Hebrew leather dealer in Ceneda, a small town in the Venetian Republic. Until his fourteenth year he was brought up a Jew, but having attracted the attention of the Roman Catholic bishop of Ceneda, Lorenzo Da Ponte, through his precocious talents, the latter gave him an education and his name. After five years of study he went to Venice, when amorous escapades compelled him to flee to Treviso. There he became professor of rhetoric, and candidate for office, lampooned his opponent in a sonnet, and was ordered to leave the Republic of Venice. He went to Dresden, then to Vienna, where Salieri aided him, and he received from Joseph II. the position of Poet to the Imperial Theatre and Latin Secretary. There, too, he fell in with Mozart, who asked him to throw Beaumarchais's comedy, "Le Mariage de Figaro," into an opera. The collaboration was the first happy one that Mozart had had, and the opera was a tremendous success, especially in Prague. Mozart promised to write another opera for the people who understood him so well, and this time Da Ponte suggested *Don Giovanni*. To Da Ponte belongs the credit of having suggested the story and written the book of this masterpiece, whose chances of immortality are surely as great as those of any other product of the human intellect. Da Ponte won the ill-will of Leopold, and when Joseph II. died he had to leave Vienna. Meanwhile he had married an Englishwoman at Trieste, whither he went to seek a reconciliation with Leopold. Armed with a letter to Marie Antoinette, who had admired some of his works, he started for Paris; but when he got to Spire, "it was in the hands of the French, and Antoinette was a prisoner in the Temple." He changed his plans, and went to London, where a year later

he became poet to the Italian Opera, and aided Taylor in the management. He also started a bookstore, and went into the printing business. The latter venture, and his endorsement of Taylor's bills, involved him financially, and fleeing from the officers of the law, he came to America.

It is at this point that the investigations just concluded began, and their first result is to establish the date of Da Ponte's arrival in America. Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" says that he sailed from England March 5, 1803; H. T. Tuckerman wrote in an article in *Putnam's Magazine* that he arrived at Philadelphia on June 4, 1802; F. L. Ritter lands him in May, 1803. All agree that his financial troubles drove him from England. Now for the new evidence. In the library of the New York Historical Society there is a copy of a pamphlet which hitherto has remained unmentioned by all who have written on Da Ponte so far as can be learned. It was his first public utterance in America, and was evidently designed as a first of a series of publications to be circulated among his Italian scholars in this city. It is in Italian with an English translation, and the copy in question was uncut until it fell into the writer's hands through the courtesy of the librarian, Jacob B. Moore. Here is the title in English:

"Compendium of the Life of Lorenzo Da Ponte, written by Himself, to which is added the first Literary Conversazione held at his house in New York on the 10th day of March, 1807, consisting of several Italian compositions in verse and prose, translated into English by his scholars. New York, printed by I. Riley & Co., 1807."

Da Ponte's motive for printing this pamphlet is told in the brief prefatory address "To the Reader," as follows:

"It is now a long while since I promised to my friends the story of my life. I will shortly fulfil my promise. Certain reasons, however, have induced me to publish, for the present, these few hints. If they ever reach England I hope those persons may read them who are unjustly taking advantage of my absence to deprive me even of that little which has escaped the hands of fraud; and which I entrusted before my departure to apparent honesty. I wish to conceal their names under the veil of charity if I can no longer under that of friendship; and, if they be willing, it is not too late."

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Mr. Joseph Williams sends six pianoforte solos by Benjamin Godard which are sure to gladden amateurs in search of pieces for that instrument possessing as they do charm of originality, and affording opportunity for effective performance without any very formidable executive difficulties. This "Suite de Danses"—comprising Menuet, Rigodon, Gigue, Mazurk, Polka, and Valse, is not to be confounded with the mass of pieces with similar titles which have been and still continue to be poured into the market. Essentially French as to style, and bearing marks in some cases of the influence of Gounod, every number possesses some characteristic feature, and evidences the work of a master hand; the Polka and Valse being to our mind, especially winsome.

We also receive the "Woycke Pianoforte Album" (E. Ascherberg & Co.), in which are collected ten works by a composer whose merits have not perhaps received, in this country, the attention they deserve. Those who are not acquainted with them, may well be recommended to avail themselves of this opportunity of remedying the deficiency. The three Sonatas, entitled respectively "Dramatique," "Romantique," and "Poétique" may be unhesitatingly pronounced fine compositions, full of character and imagination; requiring, however, technical power and musical sympathy on the part of the performer. In addition to these the volume contains several graceful shorter pieces, Nocturne, Legende, Barcarolle, &c., besides transcriptions in the form of left-hand Etudes, a "Jacobite air" and Schubert's "Forelle," and a Fugue in 4 parts.

Pianists who are in search of a Sonata in which the phraseology of the older classics is clearly reproduced, will find exactly what they want in "Sonata in G minor, No. 5," by St. Vincent Jervis (Joseph Williams), a musician's work which will, however, be probably pronounced by some to be rather out of date. "Falling Leaves" is a pretty waltz by George Hughes (Weekes & Co.).

"Sept Pièces mélodiques," for violin, tenor, or violoncello, by Seb. Lee (Schott & Co.), originally written as studies for violoncello alone, have gained much in usefulness and interest by a pianoforte accompaniment that has been added to them by Mr. J. B. Krall,

Flowing and agreeable as are the studies in themselves, their performance on a single unsupported stringed instrument would be likely, as in the case of all compositions of the sort, to prove more edifying to the player than to the listener. In their present form, on the other hand, besides their technical uses, they make an excellent collection of really melodious well-written pieces to which amateurs of the three instruments in question will do well to give their attention. Mr. Krall has executed his share of the work in a manner betokening good taste and sound musicianship; and without overloading the pianoforte accompaniment has succeeded in investing it with a musical interest of its own. We also receive a graceful "Cavatina" for violin and piano, by F. Gilbert Webb (London Music Publishing Co.), and No. 8 of E. Davidson's capital Operatic Fantasias for the same instruments, consisting of an effective arrangement of themes from *Les Huguenots*.

The "Wild West" Waltz, by Bessie K. Cobbold (Joseph Williams), is written brightly and flowingly, but with no attempt at local colouring, beyond the *marcato* and *fortissimo* of the last page, where the tune appears in the bass. Though not a model of the highest form of music it is thoroughly fitted to the subject it illustrates, and, with its portrait of Colonel Cody, may serve as an appropriate souvenir to the thousands of people who were impressed by the terrors and the picturesqueness of the "Wild West."

VOCAL.

A few months ago we had occasion to notice favourably a little collection of "Songs for Children," by Florian Pascal, and the same composer has now proved his capability in a totally different field in "Six Sacred Songs" (Joseph Williams), consisting of settings of verses by Herrick, Chatterton, and Pope, and by more recent authors. He has also shown what the composers of certain religious-sentimental songs now in vogue either cannot see, or unaccountably forget—that it is quite possible to be modern, and to preserve at the same time an appropriate devotional spirit. While each of the six numbers before us possesses some claim to the consideration of vocalists of culture, "On Heaven" (words by Herrick), "The Golden City," and "The Hour of Prayer" strike us as specially admirable. "Alas! so long," by Mary Augusta Salmond (Metzler & Co.), words by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is written with considerable musical feeling, and possesses besides a graceful melody which ought to obtain for it popularity. "Upon the Quay," by Stanley Larkcom (City Music Store and Publishing Company), also deserves mention as a well-written and effective song for tenor, rather above the usual drawing-room type. "The Christian Pilgrims," a cantata for the use of Sunday Schools, by C. E. Kettle (Sunday School Union), has some simple taking melodies, and in other respects is above the average of such productions. "Winter," a service of song, compiled by A. J. Foxwell (J. Curwen and Sons), is also well adapted for Sunday School purposes.

Occasional Notes.

THE *Daily News* writes:—The death at the ripe old age of 83 of the Abbé F. Raillard, will recall to recollection the strenuous efforts made some forty years or more ago to restore to the service music of the church something like the Gregorian chaunt, as devised by St. Gregory the Great well nigh thirteen centuries ago. The Abbé Raillard was one of the earliest and certainly one of the most learned and enthusiastic supporters of the movement. Born in 1804 of a long line of amateur musicians, Raillard, after the strict training which its faith enjoins, joined the Roman Catholic Communion. By 1830 the young man had not only advanced to a high position in his order, but he had become renowned throughout France for his scientific attainments and his knowledge of astronomy, physics, and music. When the Ecclesiastical Commission drew up the new edition of the "Graduale Romanum" and of the "Antiphonarium," the Abbé Raillard entered thoroughly into the task. From the manu-

scripts of the eleventh century to which he had access, he drew up a full explanation of the ancient signs used in musical notation "to assist in the complete restoration of the Gregorian chaunt, with tables of comparison and a collection of ancient religious tunes." This book was never printed, but a few copies were lithographed, and it is now very rare and valuable. The Abbé subsequently published several books on the subject, the last being a "History of the Restoration of the Gregorian Chaunt," issued in 1862. The movement has now spread from the Catholic to the Protestant Church, as the annual Gregorian festivals held in St. Paul's Cathedral will amply bear witness.

The results of the late Worcester Festival are upon the whole satisfactory. We give the financial details lower down, from which it appears that a substantial benefit will accrue to the clerical charity. The aggregate number of attendances compared with 1884 shows a falling off of 155, in spite of the large audiences drawn by Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend* and Cowen's *Ruth*, the novelty in this case appearing to have been more attractive than such established favourites as *The Messiah*, *Elijah*, and *The Redemption*, which is in itself a significant fact.

The general improvement in the choral singing has been acknowledged by most of the critics. In some instances the Three Choirs, not to forget the Leeds contingent, required only a better leader to do uniformly excellent work. With this remark we touch upon the most important question connected with the future of the Three Choir meetings. That the local organist should *ex-officio* and regardless of his qualifications for that post be the festival conductor is an anomaly for which many remedies have been suggested. We are informed, for example, that at a recent committee meeting it was proposed that an honorary organist should be appointed with a special salary for the sole purpose of relieving the acting organist of the responsibility connected with these important gatherings. But such a proposal would involve a distinction without a difference. The honorary organist would remain an outsider, and to the appointment of an outsider, Deans and Chapters object. They say, and say not unjustly, that music played in a cathedral should as far as possible be under the superintendence of someone connected with that cathedral; and we greatly doubt whether any distinguished musician would be found willing to play the part of an unwelcome intruder. Much better would it be if the fee expected by that musician were turned into a kind of travelling scholarship for the acting organist, who might spend a certain part of the year in London or abroad, to gain by a careful attendance of model performances that valuable experience which at home he has no opportunity of acquiring.

The subjoined figures show the relative support given to the Worcester Festival concluded last week, and that of 1884. The collections were, in 1887—Sunday, £87 14s.; Tuesday, £276 11s. 2d.; Wednesday morning, £195 11s. 2d.; Wednesday evening, £45 11s. 4d.; Thursday, £251 19s. 3d.; Friday, £125 13s. 8d. In 1884 they were—Sunday, £83 14s. 3d.; Tuesday, £395 3s. 7d.; Wednesday morning, £119 18s.; Wednesday evening, £69 0s. 5d.; Thursday, £170 18s. 6d.; Friday, £186 12s., the balance in favour of 1884 being nearly £100. On the other hand the difference between the attendances at the cathedral and concerts is only 270 (according to other accounts 155) 1884, the numbers being 13,442 in 1887, and 13,712 in 1884.

The Organ World.

MENDELSSOHN AS AN ORGAN-PLAYER.

IV.

ON August 24, 1837, Mendelssohn crossed over to England again. During his brief stay in London on his way to Birmingham, he again played at St. Paul's Cathedral, and he was also heard at Christ Church, Newgate Street. As giving the account of one present and as a record of a notable exhibition of organ-playing, the account given in *The Musical World* of September 15, 1837, will now be quoted. This article was written by Dr. Gauntlett, himself an organ-player of large attainments and skill:—

"During the past week Mendelssohn has twice touched the organ, on Sunday afternoon at St. Paul's Cathedral, and on Tuesday morning at Christ Church, Newgate Street. On both occasions the large auditories who assembled to listen to his efforts testified how high they held in estimation the composer of the oratorio of *St. Paul*. The first ten minutes is a trying situation for the popular organist, closely pressed on all sides, as he generally is, surrounded by persons not less excited than himself by the promise of no ordinary intellectual gratification, and often by friends whose good opinions he is well assured he has had unreservedly surrendered to him. Genius, however mighty, is ever modest, and even the mind of a Mendelssohn does not instantaneously escape from the scene, hence his opening movements are distinguished for seriousness and solemnity; the perfect purity of his harmonies, the natural manner in which they follow each other, the rigid exclusion of every note not exclusively belonging to them, and their perfect unity one with the other, however, proclaim the refined and accomplished scholar, with whom art has become a second nature; and as his thoughts thicken and the spirit retires to commune with itself, the themes break forth one by one, and a warmth and energy, a freedom and fluency diffuse a life, and spread a charm over his performance, that at once rivet the undivided attentions of his auditors. Such was his first voluntary at St. Paul's, but his performance was interrupted ere he could give those memorable instances of his extraordinary abilities by a ridiculous accident. He had played extemporaneously for some time, and had commenced the noble fugue in A minor, by Sebastian Bach, when the gentlemen who walk about in bombazeen gowns and plated sticks became annoyed at the want of respect displayed by the audience to their energetic injunctions.

"Service is over," had been universally announced, followed by the command, 'you must go out, sir.' The party addressed moved away, but the crowd got no less—the star of Sebastian Bach was in the ascendant.

"The vergers at St. Paul's are not without guile, and they possessed sufficient knowledge of organ performance to know that the bellows-blower was not the least important personage engaged in that interesting ceremony. Their blandishments conquered, and just as Mendelssohn had executed a storm of pedal passages with transcendent skill and energy, the blower was seduced from his post, and a further supply of wind forbidden, and the composer was left to exhibit the glorious ideas of Bach in all the dignity of dumb action. The entreaties of friends, the reproofs of minor canon, the outraged dignity of the organists were of no avail, the vergers conquered, and all retired in dismay and disappointment. We had never previously heard Bach executed with such fire and energy—never witnessed a composition listened to with greater interest and gratification, and consoling ourselves with the hope that on Tuesday all might reunite in a place where vergers are not, and under more fortunate auspices, we were hurried out of the Cathedral.

"Our hope was realised, and a scene of more unmingled delight we never participated in. Many who were present on the Tuesday morning at Christchurch were probably attracted there more by the desire to see the lion of the town than from an earnest attachment to classical music; but all were charmed into the most unbroken silence, and at the conclusion only a sense of the sacred character of the building prevented an outburst of the most genuine applause. Mendelssohn performed six extempore fantasias, and the pedal fugue he was not allowed to finish at St. Paul's. Those who know the wide range of passages for the pedals with which this fugue abounds may conceive how perfectly cool and collected must have been the organist, who could on a sudden emergency transpose them to suit the scale of an ordinary English pedal-board.

"His mind has become so assimilated to Bach's compositions that at one point in the prelude, either by accident or design, he amplified and extended the idea of the author in a manner so in keeping and natural, that those unacquainted with its details could not by any possibility have discovered the departure from the text. His execution of Bach's music is transcendently great, and so easy, that we presume he has every feature of this author engraven in his memory.

"His touch is so even and firm, so delicate and volent, that no difficulties, however appalling, either impede or disturb his equanimity.

"His extempore playing is very diversified, the soft movements full of tenderness and expression, exquisitely beautiful and impassioned, and yet so regular and methodical, that they appear the productions of long thought and meditation, from the lovely and continued streams of melody which so uninterruptedly glide onwards in one calm and peaceful flow. In his loud preludes there is an endless variety of new ideas totally different from those usually in vogue; and the pedal passages so novel and independent, so solemn and impressive, so grand and dignified, as to take his auditor quite by surprise.

"His last performance, on a subject given him at the moment, was the most extraordinary of his efforts. The theme was followed with an intenseness and ardour surpassing belief, but in the eagerness of pursuit was never deprived of its dignity or importance. There were no wild eccentricities, no excursive digressions, no ineffective displays of erudition; it was as if whilst anxiously untwisting the subtleties of counterpoint—

"Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities; with thoughts unsought
His mind held dalliance, to which his hand
Gave substance and reality."

"The enthusiasm, the fire and energy, with which the whole was carried on was perfectly marvellous; he sat at the keys as one inspired casting forth one gorgeous jewel after the other, sparkling in all the radiance of light—throwing out a succession of bright passages, any one of which would have made the reputation of an ordinary performer. His invention never failed him for a moment; there was no return to any phrases or expressions used at an earlier part of his performance, and his genius appeared less unwearied and more boundless than during the first half-hour. Mr. Samuel Wesley, the father of English organists, was present and remained not the least gratified auditor, and expressed his delight in terms of unmeasured approbation. At the expressed desire of M. Mendelssohn, who wished that he could hereafter say that he had heard Wesley play, the veteran took his seat at the instrument and extemporised with a purity and originality of thought for which he has made his name ever illustrious. The touch of the instrument, however, requires a strong and vigorous finger, and Mr. Wesley, who is at present an invalid, was unable to satisfy himself, although he could gratify those around him."

Deducting something for the justifiable enthusiasm of a listener, this account reveals what may be termed the extraordinary discretion of Mendelssohn as an organ-player; and this is all the more remarkable remembering the almost feverish fire of his genius.

It was upon the last occasion, at Christ Church, that the great veteran of English organ-playing, and the man who had done so much to make Bach's music known in England, Samuel Wesley, made his last appearance as a musician, at the age of seventy-one. He died in a month after this memorable occasion. Sir George Grove, in his able article—a valuable book in itself—on Mendelssohn, in the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," gives an interesting account of these performances, which is no doubt well known to readers.

To quote Dr. Gauntlett again: "It was not that Mendelssohn played Bach for the first time here, several of us had done that. But he taught us how to play the slow fugue, for Adams and others had played them too fast." Mendelssohn's own words were: "Your organists think that Bach did not write a slow fugue for the organ." "Mendelssohn brought out a number of Bach's pedal fugues which were not known here," continues Dr. Gauntlett. "We had played a few, but he was the first to play the D major, the G minor, the E major, the C minor, the short E minor, etc." These says another writer, Mendelssohn—as recounted in a letter dated September 3, 1831—had studied after his Swiss journey, when he played at the churches in Engleberg, Wallenstadt, Sargans, and Lindau, as before mentioned in these articles. "Even in those fugues that were known, he brought out points unsuspected before," observes an eminent authority. For instance, Dr. E. J. Hopkins has preserved for us the valuable recollection of one remarkable and simple device. In the great A minor Fugue, Mendelssohn played the episode without pedal part on the swell organ, returning to the great organ when the pedal part re-enters, but transferring the E in the treble—an inverted pedal point—to the great organ, a bar before the other parts, with a fine effect. The contrast between the massive effects

and his light touch in rapid passages greatly struck his technical listeners. The touch of the Christ Church, Newgate Street, organ was deep and heavy, yet he played arpeggios with the ease he displayed on the pianoforte. The veteran organist and critic, Mr. Henry John Lincoln, noted that Mendelssohn's command over the pedal clavier attracted much surprise and admiration. These particulars concerning the great composer's performances upon these occasions still deserve attention; for we are still apt to play Bach's fugal music too fast, and inclined too little to study its varied and eloquent effects. The subject will presently receive further attention.

E. H. TURPIN.

A GOSSIP ON CERTAIN OBSOLETE INSTITUTIONS.

IT is the fashion when discussing obsolete institutions to speedily forget the useful part they may have played in the process of rational, social, or artistic development. This has been the case with the parish clerk and village choirs and the old metrical Psalters of the past. Yet the parish clerk was often, despite his ignorance of music and his hopeless conservative dogmatism, the best available leader of congregational singing, and was, in his humble way, helping to develop the school of English psalmody which has placed a mark upon our religious life and created a form of ecclesiastical music which is long likely to retain its hold on the mind and affections of English worshippers, even "in quires and places where they sing." The old parish clerk still survives in a kindred form as the precentor of many of the Scotch churches; that is, speaking of him in his would-be musical capacity only. Then the village choir was a musical nursery not to be despised; for in times when little travelling was done and music-printing was by no means common, the village choir "kept alive the lamp of sacred minstrelsy" after a fashion not without its uses, if only with a poor, dull light, far away from cathedral centres and ambitious provincial towns.

Then, the clumsy lines of the metrical psalter aroused and developed a spirit of sacred poetry, building up a great store of hymns which has done good service to almost every branch of the Christian church.

Countless are the stories of these obsolete institutions and endless are the repetitions thereof. No less famous a person than John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, led the way in the once favourite practice of satirising the parish clerk. In the ribald style prevailing in the days of that unworthy king, who was destined in restoring the English monarchy to teach the nation "what poor stuff some kings are made of," a good, wholesome lesson, often enough set in the Old Testament itself, Rochester thus wrote of the parish clerk of the village he at one time lived in:—

"Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms,
When they translated David's Psalms
To make the heart full glad.
But had it been poor David's fate,
To hear thee sing and them translate,
By Jove 'twould have drove him mad."

This brings to mind the reply of Bishop Wilberforce when the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, talking of city companies, asked him if he knew what a dry-salter was. Yes, he said, I know, Sternhold and Hopkins. Again, a distinguished churchman during a journey in a gig from a railway station to the rectory of a country clergyman, driven by the parish clerk, happened to mention the name of David; whereupon that worthy enquired whether David was not the gentleman who assisted Sternhold and Hopkins. But the parish clerk had his friends. The Rev. Sydney Smith, with characteristic kindness and humour, speaks of one he knew as a man full of amenities. As the

possessor of vested musical interests, the parish clerk naturally looked with a jealous eye upon the village choir, an institution calculated to disturb the equanimity of the previous monopoliser of village musical pre-eminence. An illustration of this form of artistic jealousy is the story of a Leicestershire parish clerk who was called upon to listen with secret and malicious satisfaction to the repeated unsuccessful attempts of the newly-formed village choir to start an anthem after the third Collect, and who hearing the minister, shocked at the musical failure, reverently proceed with the service by the formula, "Let us pray," exclaimed in a tone of ill-concealed triumph, "That's right, master, for we certainly cannot sing."

The village choir at a country church on the Somerset coast of the Bristol Channel, not so long ago met with an untimely and ill-advised criticism during service time from the officiating clergyman, who was probably not a little astonished when the rustic leader of the choir stood up, and manfully rebuked the parson in broad Somersetshire dialect in the words, "Master, you be more nice than wise." One might wonder how many critics there are still in the musical world of whom it might be justly said that they are "more nice than wise."

Then mention of Sternhold and Hopkins, seems to justify the quotation of the original title of their once famous metrical version of the Psalms; because this work was really the outcome of a strange blending of religious zeal and poetical enthusiasm, which led to a mania for versification in the Anglican, French-Protestant, Lutheran, and Dutch Reformed branches of the Protestant Church. Sternhold and Hopkins did in English what Claude Marot had just previously achieved in another language, by turning the Latin version of the Psalms into French. Further, the Sternhold and Hopkins version—in which they—according to the poet Campbell, "degraded the spirit of Hebrew Psalmody by flat, homely phraseology, and mistaking vulgarity for simplicity, turned into bathos what they found sublime"—presented adaptations of many of the best melodies to be found in the German and French Psalters, but these failed to seize the English congregational mind; a proof that the English school of church music had already strength enough to claim the respect of Anglican lovers of ecclesiastical art, at a time when it was indeed the only school outside the pale of the Roman branch of the Church Militant. The title of the book—which was not printed until 1562, some thirteen years after the death of its first-named compiler—ran thus: "The whole Book of Psalmes, collected into English metre, by T. Sternhold and J. Hopkins and others, conferred with the Ebrue, with apt notes to sing withal." The printing was in black letter, and the music like that of German and French versions, consisted of the melodies only.

However, one must not drift into a serious consideration of the merits and demerits of the metrical mania of the latter part of the sixteenth century, which culminated, from the musician's point of sight, in Dr. Tye's version and musical setting of the Acts of the Apostles. Sternhold and Hopkins, Tate and Brady their versifying followers, parish clerks, and village choirs, with their little bands of strings and odd specimens of the wood wind and brass families, are now practically obsolete institutions; and surpliced choirs, cathedral and other psalters, and organists and choirmasters, reign in their stead.

E. H. T.

DENVER, U.S.

Says an American contemporary, *The Indicator*:—"The interest which has been aroused by the article written by Mr. Clarence Eddy on the great organ now being built for Denver, and which appeared in our issue of June 25, is so wide and important that we take great pleasure in presenting our readers with the entire specification of this

remarkable instrument. Since the publication of the article above mentioned several additions have been made which will render the organ still more complete and greatly heighten its effect. These new additions are as follows: Ophicleide 16 feet, and Clarion 4 feet, to the great organ; Euphone 16 feet to the choir organ; Contra Bombard 32 feet to the pedal organ and the pneumatic crescendo and diminuendo pedal. The specification as given below is complete:

ROOSEVELT ORGAN, NO. 380, NOW BEING BUILT FOR TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DENVER, COL., U. S. A., ISAAC E. BLAKE, ESQ., DONOR.

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Four Manuals, compass CC to a3, 58 notes; and Pedals, compass CCC to F, 30 notes.

GREAT ORGAN (3½ inch pressure).

	Ft. Pipes		Ft. Pipes
1. Double Open Diapason	16 58	10. Gambette	4 58
2. Double Melodia	16 58	11. Flute Harmonique	4 58
3. 1st Open Diapason	8 58	12. Octave Quint	2½ 58
4. 2nd Open Diapason	8 58	13. Super Octave	2 58
5. Spitz Flöte	8 58	14. Mixture 4 and 5 Ranks	254
6. Viola di Gamba	8 58	15. Scharff 3 and 4 Ranks	210
7. Principal Flöte	8 58	16. Ophicleide	16 58
8. Doppel Flöte	8 58	17. Trumpet	8 58
9. Octave	4 58	18. Clarion	4 58

(Stops 5 to 18 are included in the choir swell-box.)

SWELL ORGAN (3½ inch pressure).

	Ft. Pipes		Ft. Pipes
19. Bourdon (treble and bass, split knob)	16 58	28. Octave	4 58
20. Open Diapason	8 58	29. Salicet	4 58
21. Violin Diapason	8 58	30. Hohl Flöte	4 58
22. Salicional	8 58	31. Flageolet	2 58
23. Celine	8 58	32. Cornet 3, 4 and 5 Ranks	230
24. Vox Celestis	8 46	33. Contra Fagotto	16 58
25. Clarabella	8 58	34. Cornopean	8 58
26. Stopped Diapason	8 58	35. Oboe	8 58
27. Quintadena	8 58	36. Vox Humana	8 58
		37. Clarion	4 58

CHOIR ORGAN.

(3½ inch pressure. Enclosed in a separate swell-box.)

	Ft. Pipes		Ft. Pipes
38. Contra Gamba	16 58	44. Fugara	4 58
39. Open Diapason	8 58	45. Flute d'Amour	4 58
40. Viol d'Amour	8 58	46. Flautina	2 58
41. Dulciana	8 58	47. Dolce Cornet 5 Ranks	290
42. Concert Flute	8 58	48. Euphone (free reed)	16 58
43. Lieblich Gedackt	8 58	49. Clarionet	8 58

SOLO ORGAN.

(7 inch pressure. Enclosed in a separate swell-box.)

	Ft. Pipes		Ft. Pipes
50. Stentorphone	8 58	53. Cor Anglais	8 58
51. Phelomela	8 58	54. Tuba Mirabilis	8 58
52. Hohl Pfeife	4 58	55. Tuba Clarion	4 58

PEDAL ORGAN (4 inch pressure).

	Ft. Pipes		Ft. Pipes
56. Double Open Diapason	32 30	62. Violoncello	8 30
57. Open Diapason	16 30	63. Flute	8 30
58. Violone	16 30	64. Super Octave	4 30
59. Dulciana	16 30	65. Contra Bombard	32 30
60. Bourdon	16 30	66. Trombone	16 30
61. Octave	8 30	67. Contra Bassoon	16 30

COUPLERS.

68. Swell to Great.	74. Solo Octaves on itself.
69. Choir to Great.	75. Swell to Pedal.
70. Solo to Great.	76. Great to Pedal.
71. Swell to Choir.	77. Choir to Pedal.
72. Choir to Great Sub-Octaves.	78. Solo to Pedal.
73. Swell Octaves on itself.	

MECHANICAL ACCESSORIES.

79. Swell Tremulant.	83. Low Pressure Wind Indicator.
80. Choir Tremulant.	84. High Pressure Engine Starter.
81. Solo Tremulant.	85. Low Pressure Engine.
82. High Pressure Wind Indicator.	

AUTOMATIC ADJUSTABLE COMBINATION PISTONS.

- 86—91. Six over Great Keys. Affecting Great and Pedal Stops, and Nos. 68, 69, 70, 72, 75, 76, 77 and 78.
92—97. Six over Swell Keys. Affecting Swell and Pedal Stops and Nos. 73, 75, 76, 77, 78 and 79.

- 98—101. Four over Choir Keys. Affecting Choir and Pedal Stops and Nos. 71, 75, 76, 77, 78 and 80.

PEDAL MOVEMENTS.

102. Pneumatic Crescendo and Diminuendo Pedal. Affecting the entire organ. Operated by a Balanced Swell Pedal.
103. Full Organ Pedal. All Speaking Stops and Couplers.
104—106. Three Roosevelt Adjustable Combination Pedals. Affecting Pedal Stops and Pedal Couplers.
107. Pedal Ventil. To silence any adjustable selection of Pedal Stops without throwing in the knobs.
108. Solo to Great Reversible Coupler.
109. Solo to Pedal Reversible Coupler.
110. Great Pedal Reversible Coupler.
111. Balanced Swell Pedal.
112. Balanced Great and Choir Pedal.
113. Balanced Solo Pedal.
114. To Close all Boxes.
115. To Open all Boxes.

SUMMARY.

	Stops.	Pipes
Great Organ	18	1392
Swell Organ	19	1262
Choir Organ	12	928
Solo Organ	6	348
Pedal Organ	13	360
Total Speaking Stops	67	
Couplers	11	
Mechanical Accessories	7	
Adjustable Combination Pistons	16	
Pedal Movements	14	
Total	115	
Total Pipes		4290

"The entire organ is supplied with Roosevelt patent wind-chests, which are tubular-pneumatic in principle and action, affording a separate pallet for every pipe, a light and sensitive touch and a marvellous rapidity of repetition.

"The Roosevelt Patent Automatic Adjustable Combination Action is a recently invented device, simple and durable in construction, whereby the organist may change the effect of each piston or pedal at any moment, by drawing the desired selection of stops and then "setting" or "locking" the same, by a single touch, to such piston or pedal as he may desire, after which the latter, on being pressed, will instantly cause the knobs to revert to the positions occupied when "set." As this mechanism moves the knobs themselves and releases itself at the close of action, the knobs can be operated by hand in conjunction with the combination action, which is not the case with that form which fails to move the knobs.

"Crescendos and diminuendos, of startling intensity and of peculiar and novel effect, are rendered possible by the extensive recourse had to the use of swell-boxes, of which there are three, together enclosing every stop in the instrument except the pedal organ and the first four of the great organ.

"The most complete crescendo by registration is accomplished by the novel Roosevelt Pneumatic Crescendo Pedal, which acts upon the entire organ by means of an ordinary balanced swell pedal, through the medium of pneumatic power, and which also moves the stop knobs without, however, locking or preventing their simultaneous operation by hand.

"Though the Roosevelt wind-chests, even in organs larger than the average, obviate the necessity of pneumatic action, the latter, in an improved form, has been introduced for the great organ and its couplers as a precaution against a possible heavy touch which might result from the unprecedented number of couplers which appear in the instrument.

"The wind for the entire organ is supplied by three hydraulic motors, with independent feeders for each, from which it is carried to the main reservoirs in the organ under two pressures, viz., seven inches and four inches. From thence it is distributed under various pressures to the different departments, each of which is supplied with an auxiliary reservoir or "regulator," which ensures absolute steadiness under all conditions.

"The organ will have a rich case, of dignified and tasteful design, which will measure about 46 feet wide by 36 feet high. The instrument will occupy a floor space of 46 feet by 16 feet in front of the congregation, with every acoustic condition designed to secure the

most perfect results, and, together with a chorus of 150 and an orchestra of 20 men, will undoubtedly ensure a musical service that will eclipse much that has yet been attempted.

"The *English Mechanic and World of Science*, of London, England, contains in its issue of July 22, a review, by G. A. Audsley, of Mr. Eddy's article. Mr. Audsley says, "I feel much gratification at the information conveyed in the above notice, for it clearly proves that some, at least, of the principles of artistic organ building which I have so long advocated, and have recently explained in these columns, are in a fair way to be thoroughly tested on a large scale by the leading organ building firm in the United States. Turning to the notice, we find that the number and disposition of the swell-boxes are pointed out as "the most striking" of the many peculiar features of this splendid instrument."

"I have always held that a far too timid use of the swell-box has been made by organ builders. In my "Notes on the Church Organ," which concluded in your issue of March 25, 1887, I advocate the introduction of three swell-boxes, enclosing respectively, part of the great organ, the entire swell, and the entire choir department. In addition to all this, I suggest the advisability of enclosing certain of the pedal organ stops in one or other of the manual swell-boxes."

"So far as the church organ is concerned, Mr. Roosevelt and his talented manager, Mr. Crosby, have carried the application of the swell-box, in connection with the great organ, somewhat farther than even I have ventured to advocate. * * * After the above remarks it can be understood that the description of the forthcoming Roosevelt organ is of the greatest interest to me, recording, as it does, an important step in advance in American organ building—a step which our builders may perhaps take it into their wise heads to follow some time in the twentieth century."

"On the other important appliances which the new Roosevelt organ is to contain, namely, the Roosevelt "patent wind-chest" and the Roosevelt system of "adjustable combination pistons and pedals," I need not enlarge in this letter, as I shall have to direct special attention to these landmarks in the history of the art of organ building, which have had their birth in the genius of my highly esteemed friend, the late Hilborne L. Roosevelt, in a future contribution to organ literature. It is sufficient to say that the former are the most perfect wind-chests ever invented, and the latter embraces unique appliances of immense importance, which no modern organ of any magnitude should be without. I do not say too much when I affirm that it is a disgrace to our leading builders that they have not long ere this introduced appliances of a similar nature, or have not adopted the perfect system invented by Mr. Roosevelt. Taking everything into consideration, and knowing from personal examination the perfection of every part of the Roosevelt organ, I am justified in believing that the new organ, in course of construction for the church at Denver, will be the most interesting and perfect church organ yet constructed."

This instrument, it will be noted, has a large variety of 8 and 4 feet registers, the Mixture element being fairly well kept down, characteristic features probably of the organ of the future. The wind pressures, in view of the use of several swell-boxes, are sensibly moderate. The automatic adjustable combination Pistons are a leading feature of the scheme mechanically. They permit very rapid and convenient stop changing. The future player of this notable organ will be, it is stated, Mr. W. Hall, F.C.O., a young Englishman of talent and skill.

RECITAL NEWS.

MATLOCK.—A festival of parish choirs belonging to the Derby Archidiaconal Choral Association was held at All Saint's Church, Matlock Bank, on Wednesday evening, August 31, under the conductorship of Mr. A. F. Smith, Mus. Bac. Cantab. The church was well filled, and the service included Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in D, by Field, Goss's anthem, "Fear not O Land," and Te Deum in E flat by Gadsby. Mr. J. G. Barker, A.C.O., organist of Trinity Church, presided at the organ, playing, for the in-voluntary, Dr. Spark's arrangement of Cowen's song, "The Better Land," and, for the out-voluntary, Handel's "Occasional Overture." The sermon was preached by the Ven. Archdeacon Balston, D.D., and a collection was made for the funds of the association.

SANDOWN.—At the Congregational Church, Mr. H. L. Balfour gave an organ recital on September 2. The programme included Grand Choeur, Op. 18, Alex. Guilmant; Pastorale, from Second Organ Symphony, C. M. Widor; March in B flat, E. Silas; Melody, E. Silas; Air, with Variations in A flat, Ad. Hesse; Gavotte, from Sixth Sonata for violin alone, J. S. Bach; Fantasia in C, Berthold Tours; Moderato Grazioso, from Op. 11, Sterndale Bennett; Postlude in D, Henry Smart; Prelude and Fugue in G, Mendelssohn; Festive March, Henry Smart. Mr. Balfour's admirable playing gave much pleasure to his listeners.

YARMOUTH.—An organ recital, in aid of St. George's Mission-room Fund, was given by Reginald Steggall, Esq., A.C.O., silver medallist, certificated student of the Royal Academy of Music, on August 22, at St. George's Chapel of Ease. The programme was as under: Sonata in A, Op. 65, No. 3, Mendelssohn; Barcarole from Fourth Concerto, W. Sterndale Bennett; Air with Variations in A, H. Smart; Toccata and Fugue in C, J. S. Bach; Fantasia and Fugue in D minor, Reginald Steggall; Ave Maria d'Arcadelt, F. Liszt; Adagio from Sonata in G minor, Op. 42, G. Merkel; Marche Heroique in G, Charlton T. Speer. There was a large attendance. The performances are highly spoken of, and the various selections forming a fine classical programme were, indeed, most skilfully executed by the organist, who is a son of the well-known composer and organist, Dr. Steggall.

NOTES.

One of the most eminent and esteemed German organists and composers for the instrument, writes that it is proposed to build a concert organ next year in the Philharmonic Hall, Berlin, which is to have 50 sounding stops, and 30 pneumatic pistons, etc., and will be a first class recital playing instrument.

By the death of the Abbé F. Raillard at the advanced age of 83, the world has lost the probable founder of the modern Plain Chant movement. The venerable priest came of a long line of amateur musicians. Though not born in the Roman Church, he joined that communion at an early age. When a French ecclesiastical commission drew up new editions of the "Graduale Romanum," and the "Antiphonarium," the Abbé Raillard found congenial employment. He had access to many ancient manuscripts treasured in France, that home of Plain Song, and laboured earnestly in making clear the old systems of notation, and in collecting ancient church melodies. His last work was a "History of the Restoration of Gregorian Music," published in 1862.

That there is plenty of work for the College of Organists and our great musical institutions and professors is proved by such an expressed preference as the following words imply. They form part of the criticism of a provincial journal upon the performance of a selection of classical organ music by a well-skilled organist: "The pleasure afforded would have been far greater if a few of the many homely yet ever telling airs, such as 'The better land,' 'Jerusalem the golden' had been rendered rather than fugues," &c., which, while enabling the player to show wonderfully clever fingering, yet leave behind no clinging memory of a theme that moves to higher thoughts and inspirations, the noble office of music at its best."

Concerning works for organ and orchestra, on May 9, 1886, the fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Conservatoire, Brussels, a Symphonic Fantasia for organ and orchestra by M. Fétis, the then director, was performed, M. Lemmens taking the organ part. Some particulars of this already forgotten work might be interesting.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letter on "Voluntaries" held over with other matter which it is hoped there will be space for next week.

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS' CALENDAR.

On Tuesday next the Library will be opened from 7 till 10. The first Council meeting of the session will be held on the same evening at 8.

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E. H. TURPIN, Hon. Sec.

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THE LOST SCORE.

A TALE OF A MUSICIAN.

By ARTHUR L. SALMON.

I.

Many years ago there lived in Naples a musician named Nicolini. He had married when young; and after his wife had died, leaving him an only child, he had nothing but his art and this daughter to comfort him. Both he considered as blessings from God, and he received them reverently and fondly. He had named the little girl Beatrice, after her mother; and by degrees she filled the void in his heart that death had left there.

Poor Nicolini, with his humble professional duties, led a life of grievous drudgery. And yet, by the power of music, his days seemed sanctified, and surrounded with a halo. In all his trial he had one never-failing source of delight and comfort. That was his *score*—the consecration of his life. For seventeen years he had been toiling at it, slowly, patiently; pouring all the secrets of a chequered life into one great work—making each note a tear or throb of joy, wrung from his inmost heart. He was offering up his life in this grand utterance.

Night after night, when he had returned wearily from his tedious engagements, he would sit in his little study, brooding, dreaming, toiling, over his darling score; praying to God before he ventured to add a note, and thanking God when he laid aside his pen. Thus, through all the pages of his composition, there ran a tone of holiness, a peaceful trust and thankfulness; a strength and purity, derived from above, which hallowed it.

II.

Seventeen years before, in his honeymoon, Nicolini had been to Rome. That was the grand carnival of his life. He had rambled about the fine old city, with his beautiful young wife. Its ruins, its churches, its paintings, its glorious music, had filled him with ecstasy.

It was then that he heard Allegri's *Miserere*—then that he suddenly conceived the bold idea of equalling or excelling that remarkable composition in a work of his own. That Passion-week—that service in the Sistine Chapel—was the greatest epoch of his life.

All travellers have told us of the wonderful effect of this *Miserere*; and we may be sure that the effect made on Nicolini was powerful and enduring. Never had music so touched him—never had it seemed so sacred, so divine.

The church was crowded; and even before the music had begun a deep religious awe seemed to thrill every heart. The light of a hundred tapers revealed the dark, awful figures of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" on the walls; figures that sometimes almost moved, and contorted their limbs in their fearful vividness. As the solemn strains resounded from the choir light after light was extinguished. Darker and darker grew the building—Pope and cardinals lay prostrate before the altar—the terrible paintings became more than ever impressive in the deepening shadows; while with the increasing gloom the music passed into more deep and almost agonising pathos. By degrees the sounds grew softer and slower; at length

they died into utter silence. Not a breath stirred the awed assembly, every head was bent to the ground, every lip moved inaudibly in prayer.

From that moment the idea grew in Nicolini's mind that he would rival Allegri.

Every thought of his life henceforward tended towards that one great aim. Through all his toils, his weariness, his sorrows, there lay one purpose, linking each to each; making every action a stepping-stone to the great goal of his ambition.

He had already written several Masses, and begun an opera. But these, in the presence of his new inspiration, appeared meagre and trivial to him. They had been the result of labour and application, perhaps; this was to be the work of a lifetime.

He returned to Naples and put the first note to his score.

III.

Ever since then Nicolini had laboured incessantly. Sometimes, when he might have flagged or grown weary, he would pray for strength to uphold him, and return with renewed ardour to his task.

Once indeed—it was after the death of his wife—the work grew utterly distasteful to him. He felt sick of everything; tired of life; and, but for his child, might have contrived to get rid of it.

But one night he had a dream. He seemed to be standing in a grand, lofty building, finer than the Papal Chapel at Rome. Around him was a vast kneeling crowd; the choir was filled with singers, and the music was already commencing. It was different from Allegri—still more beautiful.

It was his own.

At once, as the first few solemn notes resounded through the church, he recognised it; and, in the rapture of his dream, sat up in his bed, beating time.

As the performance proceeded, the sounds became strange to him. They had passed all that portion of the work which he had already written. What followed was new and wonderful. Nothing like it had ever before reached his ears; and in the midst of a grand massive chorus, the very ideal of his fondest endeavours, he awoke, trembling with excitement.

Springing from his bed, he drew forth the neglected score, and tried to add the notes which had thrilled through his dream. It was in vain. What he remembered was as faint an echo of the original as Tartini's recollections of the devil's violin. The prize was not to be won so easily; he must toil on in patience and in faith.

IV.

Those who had met Nicolini in the everyday duties of his profession, would not have suspected his great life-secret. He was quiet and retiring before strangers, nor was his musical execution of a brilliant character. There were depths in his soul which he could only fathom in his score; and many a commonplace musician made a better figure before the public than he did. People seldom possess discernment enough to see below the surface, and what qualities they do not find at once they rarely search for. And thus it was that Nicolini, poor and unrecognised, trudged on in the narrow byways of his solitary calling; earning little, winning little praise, but all the while more truly "worshipping at the temple's inner shrine," than many a more successful and celebrated votary of his art. He had long ago given up the idea of operatic writing. His thoughts were now wholly bent on exalting one great branch of music, the noblest and purest; that of the service of God. The great work on which he was now engaged was an oratorio. Its subject was one that has since been utilised by a more modern composer; it is perhaps the finest in the whole range of scripture. But, since it might give readers an opportunity for quibblings and questionings concerning the authenticity of this record, I shall not mention its name. Let it suffice for us to know that it began with struggle and tribulation; that it ended with peace and glorious victory. It was the grand consummation of a life—born in tears, ending in light.

V.

This great work was now very near its completion. The ardour with which Nicolini had carried forward his task, had enabled him to near its completion far sooner than he had anticipated. Seventeen years had passed; and the goal of his life was now almost reached. He already saw the end of his labours before him; and what is

more, his prospects were slightly improving, and the *maestro di capella* of a large Neapolitan church had promised that the work should be performed. Nicolini himself was an organist and chapel-master, but his position as such, in one of the inferior churches, was not sufficient to enable him by himself to make his oratorio public. He had therefore applied in a more influential quarter, and not without success.

The other joy of this poor musician, mentioned in the beginning of my narrative, had grown and perfected with his score. She was now a lovely girl, just entering on womanhood. But the brightest rose has its thorns; and Beatrice had her lovers.

Whether this was a matter of as much discomfort to the girl herself, as to her father, is not recorded. Probably she regarded it as a necessary, and not entirely unpleasant feature of her time of life. One of these lovers was a young Englishman, who was studying music at the Conservatorio di San Onofrio. Another was a young Italian scapegrace. The former was the accepted suitor of both the young girl and her father; the latter had chosen himself, and was quite content with his own encouragement. He was not accustomed to be thwarted in these little *affaires de cœur*; having been successful in a dozen similar tender passions, he meant to be successful in this.

One day when the father was alone this young man made his appearance. "*Maestro*," he said patronisingly, "your daughter is an angel! What do you mean to do with her?"

"God, who gave her to me, will guard her," replied the musician.

"That is to say the devil may get her, for all you care," said his visitor. "Pshaw! Nicolini, your daughter is too good for her station; she is the greatest beauty in Naples. Give her to me—I will make a fine woman of her; I am rich, and will help you in your profession."

"Sir," replied Nicolini, "your offers are kind, and I thank you for them, but my daughter can never be yours. Her affections are sacred, and shall never be forced; she is plighted to another."

"Corpo di bacco!" exclaimed the bold suitor, "I have made you the offer."

And he vanished.

"Beatrice," said her father, when she returned from a ramble with her lover, "you must leave Naples to-night—this instant—or you are lost!"

The girl and the young man stood horrified as they listened to Nicolini's account of the interview. They knew too well the dangers of Neapolitan love-making and intrigue.

Turning as pale as death, Beatrice came and placed her hand in the musician. "Father," she said, "I will stay."

Poor simple heart! she would sacrifice all for her father. The young Englishman also, with unusual impetuosity, swore that he would stand by Nicolini to the last gasp.

"Let me remain with you," he said; "I am young and strong."

"My son," said the composer, "if you really wish to be my son you must leave this city immediately, taking Beatrice with you. A danger worse than death threatens her, and I trust her, my dearest treasure, to your keeping, believing you to be faithful and manly. Take her to England—if she stays her presence will become a curse—take her, and God's blessing go with you!"

No time was to be lost, and long before midnight Beatrice and her protector had left Naples.

VI.

It was a sad blow to Nicolini, thus having to part with his daughter; but the character of the profligate young Italian was too well known for any to suppose that a mere refusal from the father would check his designs, and her only safety lay in flight. In future there would have been no safety for Beatrice in Naples, or in Italy. Yet the poor musician felt almost inclined to murmur against God for this bitterness sent into his life.

Strange to say, that night he again dreamed a dream very similar to that which had formerly inspired him to proceed with his great work.

This time the score seemed finished, and he himself was conducting its performance. Everything was ready, the singers had their parts perfect, the organ was about to give the first note, when suddenly the manuscript which lay before each of the performers seemed to blacken and shrivel up, and rolled, a dry withered leaf, to

the ground. Not a note remained visible; the lights were extinguished; all became chaos and confusion; and with a cry of anguish the musician awoke.

It was two hours past midnight, and the lowering moon shone broadly in through the casement, which, owing to the warmth of the weather, was partly open. Rising from his bed, much relieved that the dream was only a dream, Nicolini went to the window, and looked out. Calm and clear before him lay the Bay of Naples, in all the serene beauty of an Italian summer night. The sight was enough to soothe a more excited brain than Nicolini's ever was. But, as he was gazing fondly on the familiar scene, he heard whispers below him, and a minute after two dusky figures stole off under the wall of his garden. It was too dark for him to recognise them, and in a moment they were gone. With a sudden feeling of thankfulness that his daughter was safe, he struck a light, and went into the next room. He had no doubt that an attempt had been made to enter the house; whether successful or no was almost a matter of indifference to him, now that Beatrice was far away. He had nothing to tempt robbers—nothing indeed of any value but his daughter and his score. One he knew was safe; who would wish to steal the other?

On glancing round the room he became convinced that it had been entered. The furniture was disordered, and the window, which had been left unlatched, was thrown wide open. After looking for his few valuables, and finding them safe, he went to his daughter's bed-chamber. The door had been locked when she left; now it was burst open. There could be no doubt as to the object of the house-breakers, or as to who had instigated them. Luckily for the father, the treasure which they sought was beyond their reach.

And now Nicolini's heart smote him for having murmured before, and he thanked God for what had at first seemed so great a trial. Once more returning to the room which he had first examined, he looked for his score. He felt naturally excited and sleepless, and wished to calm himself by applying to his task.

Then it was he first noticed that it was gone.

The corner in which he had left it, where it had lain so often before, was empty.

Like one bewildered he rushed from room to room, looking everywhere, but without success. Suddenly the remembrance of his dream flashed upon him, and he trembled with apprehension. He had been encouraged to persevere in his task, before;—was he not now warned of its failure?

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

VOICE-TRAINING IN CLASSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—I have been asked by Mr. J. S. Curwen, President of the Tonic-Sol-Fa College to correct a statement made by me in the paragraph, "Elementary music teaching, &c.," of my recent article in your paper on "Voice-Training in Classes," which might imply that the T.S.F. system does not include *any* training in the mechanism of the voice, whereas, Mr. Curwen begs me to say that voice-training forms an important part in the T.S.F. course of instruction.

My apparently erroneous impression was chiefly formed from personal experience with pupils who had been a considerable length of time in the T.S.F. classes, and who undoubtedly did not show training in voice-production. Of course I do not speak of qualified teachers, but simply of pupils taken from the large classes, and I would only maintain that a thorough course of drill in voice-production and management, such as I suggest might be achieved in *small* classes, must be a practical impossibility in the larger classes of the T.S.F. Society.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

M. BEATT.

60, Avonmore Road,
Kensington, W.
Sept. 14, 1887.

MR. COWEN'S RUTH.

We propose to conclude our account of the Worcester Festival by a synopsis of the opinions expressed by some of our daily contemporaries on Mr. Cowen's *Ruth*. As in the case of other important works we think it desirable to place before our readers a variety of views, leaving it to them to strike the balance when they have an opportunity of hearing this latest production of the English school.

The Times says :

Mr. Cowen's new oratorio, *Ruth*, produced this morning at the Cathedral before a numerous audience, is the work by which the 164th meeting of the Three Choirs is likely to be remembered, and in commissioning one of our two or three eminent composers to contribute an oratorio of this importance the committee showed both enterprise and judgment. Mr. Joseph Bennett, who has compiled the libretto from the Book of Ruth and other parts of Scripture, has employed the title "dramatic oratorio," thus indicating a form of art which it may be desirable to define by a few preliminary words. The oratorio is generally called the epic of sacred music. A narrator, or, as in Gounod's *Redemption*, two narrators, are employed to carry on the story from one group of incidents or emotional climax to the other, and these incidents and climax the composer has to expand and develop into airs or great choral movements—to *approfondir*, in short, for that French term alone gives a correct idea of the system. This is a comprehensible and perfectly consistent mode of proceeding, and if one thinks of the beautiful effects achieved by Handel, Bach, Mendelssohn, Gounod, and others in this connecting narrative its abandonment would in itself seem a pity. So strong, however, is the dramatic instinct in music that more than one librettist has at various times endeavoured to supply some kind of unacted drama for the concert platform, even as by a converse tendency oratorios used to be sung on the stage and in costume, though without action. In the first-named form the narrative is supplanted by stage directions, the action is divided into scenes, and the dialogue takes a much more prominent place than would otherwise be possible. There are no doubt some advantages, but, in my opinion, infinitely greater drawbacks inherent in this hybrid form of oratorio. The stage directions, for example, unless indeed they suggest and can be very graphically illustrated by musical means, are of less than no use. When we are told that people exeunt, or fight, or embrace each other, while the singers on the platform of course do neither the one nor the other, the effect is either irritating or comic. One thinks of the British fleet in Sheridan's play, which could not be seen because it was not in sight, while those who are not provided with a book of words have of course no cognisance of what is supposed to happen. The greater prominence of the dialogue also has its drawbacks where the words are entirely selected from Scripture. Some of these words, taken from different books of the Old or sometimes the New Testament, have to be twisted and turned to be brought into apparent appositeness to the situation, and even then remain in the minds of Bible students identified with the personages and with the context to which they pertain originally. The "dramatic oratorio," in brief, is neither a drama nor an oratorio, and although it may be founded on the words of Scripture must almost necessarily impair the unity of conception and graphic force with which incident and characters are drawn in the Bible.

The above remarks should be accepted in a general sense; they are not intended as a censure of the present librettist, who has treated the lovely idyl of the Book of Ruth in a manner well adapted to musical purposes, and has especially turned to good account the only advantage which the dramatic has over the epic oratorio—that of supplying the imagination with a distinct pictorial background for the incidents as they occur. In such circumstances the merits of the musical setting are almost commensurate with the amount of skill with which the pictorial motives thus supplied are transferred, so to speak, from the domain of vision to that of sound; in other words, with the degree in which the composer shows himself imbued with the subject. Judged by this standard, the five scenes or divisions of Mr. Cowen's score will receive a very different meed of praise, that praise unfortunately being not in the ascending but in the descending scale as the story proceeds; for, as regards continuity of design and freshness of conception, the first part is infinitely the best. Here the pictorial motive evolved from Mr. Bennett's fancy is that of a caravan of Hebrews passing through the house of Naomi on its homeward journey, after the famine, and finally joined by her. This caravan, an excellent subject for musical treatment, finds its equivalent in a short rhythmical motive, but subsequently joined by the voices of men and women singing "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place," as they go. As the voices grow louder, as the volume of sound increases, we know that the caravan is approaching, till at last its immediate vicinity is announced by the *fortissimo* of chorus and orchestra. Slowly the sounds decrease again, gradually the voices die away, till again they are heard from the furthest distance, and the vision evoked before our inner eye by the musician's art fades into nothingness. Mr. Cowen must here be congratulated upon an achievement which no other English composer would find

easy to equal, although his caravan has been anticipated and as regards Eastern colouring far surpassed by that of Félicien David in *Le Désert*. A somewhat conventional air for contralto, fairly well sung by Miss Hope Glenn, is followed by another song more vocally effective, but scarcely more significant, in which Madame Albani, in the character of Ruth, bids her mother-in-law "Be of good comfort, arise;" and this ultimately leads to a trio for Naomi, Ruth, and Orpah, winding up with a beautiful cadence of the three voices, very gently accompanied by detached arpeggio chords. To the same scene also belongs what must be called by far the most impressive solo passage of the score, all the more impressive because it is not couched in a conventional air, but follows the emphasis and rhythmical swing of the words. The text is none other than the touching appeal of Ruth, "Entreat me not to leave thee," and the melody wedded to it subsequently becomes a kind of leitmotif indicating the trustfulness and self-surrendering love of the heroine. In the meantime the caravan has proceeded on its way, Naomi having joined her countrymen, and the scene, after an effective and amply developed chorus, winds up with a modified presentation of the rhythmical march theme. In the third scene we are in the harvest field at Bethlehem, and a chorus of reapers rejoice at the fruitfulness of the land. The chorus, like so much else in the work, although well conceived, is wanting in what is generally called local colour.

Mr. Cowen, with one exception presently to be mentioned, has laid on his Eastern touches with a sparing brush, following in this respect the example of the earlier masters rather than of the modern school. Handel or Bach in treating an Old Testament subject would no more have thought of introducing genuine Jewish melodies than Raphael or Rubens would of painting the apostles in the Eastern garb they actually wore, whatever a modern composer or a contemporary painter might do. Mr. Cowen uses the interval of the augmented second typical of Eastern music only once, and the old Hebrew melody which he introduces, according to a foot-note in the score, is used in a manner suggestive of anything rather than the Bible. The former occurs in the first duet between Boaz and Ruth, which is of singular tenderness and beauty, and vastly superior to what one is inclined to call the love duet later on. The end of the third scene is conceived in the composer's happiest vein. Naomi and Ruth, the latter represented by her leitmotif in the violin obbligato (Mr. Carrodus), discourse of the labours of the day, while the chorus of the reapers on their homeward way is heard in the distance. The scene is one of evening calm and subdued beauty, and that beauty would have been even more perfect if Mr. Cowen had taken an obvious, though an un-Biblical suggestion, from Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," where the song of the "immortal bird" is said to go through the sad heart of Ruth as she stands amid the alien corn. The harvest festival, which occupies the first scene of the second part, is conceived in a spirit which at one time would have been thought incompatible with sacred music; it is no more or less than a lovely ballet movement with chorus, conceived in a sensuous and melodious spirit, and requiring only the action of the stage to place it on a level with Delibes's *Coppelia* and other masterpieces of its kind. Ballet music in Worcester Cathedral is an anomaly which some of the audience yesterday must have felt very keenly, but for which the composer cannot be blamed in any sense. If a church is turned into a concert room for the performance of "dramatic oratorios," those responsible for the arrangement must put up with the consequences. Mr. Cowen, moreover, has saved his soul by making the aforesaid "ancient Hebrew melody" the theme of the dance. Over the last part of the work I must pass briefly. It does not indeed call for detailed analysis, marking as it does a distinct and painful anti-climax. A very tame and meaningless quartet of the most conventional pattern is followed by a final chorus even more tedious. If an entire remodelling of this part is impossible, seeing that the piano-forte score is already in print, an extensive use of the pruning knife at performances appears strongly advisable. That Mr. Cowen's oratorio, with all its faults, will be accepted as a work of distinguished merit, and that it will soon be heard and appreciated in London and elsewhere, is a prophesy upon which one may safely venture.

The Daily Telegraph says:—

It will be worth the trouble to take *Ruth* scene by scene, and briefly point out whatever in each is of a special character. As such may fairly be regarded the chorus accompanying the entrance and exit of the Hebrew caravan. The effect of movement is admirably managed, and the oratorio thus opens with an incident musically, as well as dramatically, picturesque. Thus early also the composer gives evidence of sound judgment by abandoning here and there the orchestral theme representative of travel, which otherwise would become monotonous. To the musical beauty of Naomi's air, "Like as a father pitieth his children," the vocal part contributes, I fancy, less than its rightful share, but the accompaniment is a marvel of delicacy in Mr. Cowen's special manner, while the *ensemble* following, in which Orpah and the neighbours seek to change Naomi's resolve, if marked by no very strong feeling, is pleasantly conceived and worked out. The composer may purposely have refrained from intensity, not only because the characters concerned were unlikely to experience deep emotion, but because he desired to throw into relief the fervour of the air, "Be of good comfort, arise," in which Ruth's voice

is first heard. This number appears to me simply and purely beautiful, and, as sung to absolute perfection by Madame Albani yesterday morning, made an impression which remained throughout the performance. Its pendant, a brief chorus of neighbours, has the emphasis which such an appeal would be likely to cause. The opening chorus of the second scene, "God shall help us when the morning appeareth," exemplifies what has been said of Mr. Cowen's capacity for broad effects. It has a contrapuntal episode quite in Mendelssohn's manner, and is more simple in structure than usual. I cannot regard the simplicity as a fault, but rather as a merit, which, like every other merit, might well furnish an example. In choral writing, restless tonalities and strained harmonies, seeking peaceful resolution and finding none, should be avoided, like the plague. The dialogue of the three women may be passed with cordial acknowledgment of its entire musical propriety, but the setting of Ruth's immortal declaration, "Entreat me not to leave thee," deserves a pause and close regard. It is short, only four words of the text being repeated, yet into small compass Mr. Cowen has put such great charm and fitness that the music may fitly remain for ever associated with Ruth's expression of fidelity. It has all the pregnancy of a sonnet from a master hand. The scene closes with another massive chorus, "Arise, let us go again to our own people," in which there are several contrapuntal episodes of greater or less value. On reaching the harvest-field of Bethlehem, the composer is quite at home. He revels in pretty pastoral music, with solo (a reaper) and full chorus, in which unaffected and joyous melody prevails. The dialogue of Boaz, first with the reaper and then with Ruth, follows next, the orchestra just here indulging liberally in representative themes, from which the chief interest arises; but the most remarkable number in this scene brings it to an end. As the harvesters return towards the city, their chorus, "Man goeth forth unto his labour until the evening," falls gratefully upon the ear, something of the tender sentiment of the hour pervades it, and all is supremely unaffected and appropriate. Naomi meets Ruth, the labourers pass on, and then, as the two women, *sotto voce e parlante*, talk of the day's events, the whole theme of "Entreat me not to leave thee" is played upon a solo violin; not without break, however; for again and again the melodious chorus of the harvesters is heard in the distance, Naomi and Ruth on each occasion suspending their talk to listen. There could be no more striking example of the real and picturesque life which is beginning to pervade the dramatic oratorio of the day; and here, assuredly, Mr. Cowen's success may claim to be unqualified.

The composer prefaces his second part with an orchestral movement entitled, "Thanksgiving at Harvest Time." It has three themes, all of a somewhat quaint and formal type, their character in this respect being solely relied on, as there is no "treatment" in the strict sense of the term. When the fourth scene opens, a reminiscence of the harvest music is followed by an important air, "How excellent is Thy lovingkindness," for Boaz, with incidental chorus, "He will love thee and bless thee." This number is less successful than might have been expected, having regard to the soprano solos already noticed, but when the Harvest first begins there is no inclination to consider anything save the quaintly graceful or rudely vigorous dance themes, and the skill with which the choral accompaniment is made to mingle with them, and yet remain distinct. The difficulties of a trying situation have here been manfully encountered and entirely vanquished. So much was expected because the task came within Mr. Cowen's long recognised *métier*. When, however, the greatest choral effort of the work, "The Lord said I will send a famine," is entered upon, its progress cannot be followed without anxiety. The composer now measures himself against the greatest masters of his craft, not, I am glad to say, without a gratifying result. Certain passages in the number hardly came out in performance as they seemed to read, but taken as a whole, Mr. Cowen's most risky essay falls but little, if at all, short of the success after which he so earnestly strove. Another deeply expressive air for Ruth, "My father, thou art the guide of my youth," preceded by the entire theme of "Entreat me not," now given to an English horn, follows next in order, the scene then closing with the dialogue of Ruth and Boaz, and a final duet, "Happy am I." In the brief closing scene attention is claimed by a somewhat elaborate and well-wrought *ensemble* expressive of emotions natural to the situation, and next by an energetic winding-up chorus, "O generation, see ye the words of the Lord." Mr. Cowen has not developed this at much length, but it serves for a strenuous, emphatic, and imposing end, in which the lofty note of oratorio sounds out full and clear. If it be asked whether *Ruth* presents any positive defects, the answer is that, in some places, the boldness of the composer's harmonies have behind it a reason not quickly discerned. Anything is rightly permitted now-a-days if the effect be appropriate, but nothing out of order should be allowed when the purpose appears limited to its achievement. Examples of this kind are, however, not frequent in Mr. Cowen's work, and even these may recommend themselves on better acquaintance.

The *Morning Post* says:—

Mr. Cowen has made the endeavour to produce a work which shall at once display his experience and his predilections. The former is proved by the talented way in which the scoring has been done, the

latter by the introduction of devices which modern writers appear to think are expected of all who desire to go with the times. The principal of these is the *leit-motiv* which is at once one of the best and one of the worst means to an end. It is best where the music is too tangled and obscure to suggest its own meaning, and it is the worst when a composer writes clearly, and is able to command the attention of his hearers on behalf of the characters and incidents he may introduce. Further, it is a needless interference with the judgment of the listener, because it is constantly iterating that which the design should show of itself without such prompting. It is, however, an ingenious plan to save invention and to check the current of flowing thoughts, and while its indulgence in a limited degree may be an advantage, it cannot be said that in the present instance it has been any real help to the exposition of the ideas. Mr. Cowen has certainly used it very sparingly, but it could have been dispensed with entirely. He has a happy pen, capable of expressing the natural current of his thoughts, so that he can afford to evade the use of a contrivance which seems to involve other undesirable elements in its company. Not the least of these appears to be an occasional disregard of the rules of composition and of the treatment of chords in other than a logical sequence. The classic writers—Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn, with others—it is true, indulged in such violations of grammar as are implied in the use of consecutive fifths; they also employed suspensions in one part of their harmonies while the resolutions were made in another. But there was, even in the departure from recognised use made by them, a purpose and a design beyond the mere following of modern tricks of treatment, based, for the most part, upon defiance of rules, which purpose discloses itself to those who choose to look for it. Mr. Cowen mistrusts his own strength when he resorts to such means for support. The modern German style of expression, with its sceptical contempt for the traditions of the elders, is ill adapted to the mode of utterance best suited to the genius of the composer of *Ruth*. The most successful portions of his work are found where he gives free rein to his natural fancy; the least impressive are those where his style is felt to be strained, imitated, and artificial. There are few English composers more worthy the name than Mr. Cowen. His labours in the past entitle him to the respect and admiration of his countrymen; and the latest effort of his mind is so excellent, and possesses so many points of originality and individuality, that musicians may well be anxious lest his genius fall under the weight of extraneous self-sought but unneeded support. Let him shake all off and depend upon himself, and the world will be the better for the effort. There is beautiful music enough in *Ruth* to make the reputation of the composer, had it not already been made; and there is, happily, also sufficient of the freedom and grace of the composer's own unfettered style to counterbalance the superfluous weight of borrowed mannerisms.

THE "WINTER'S TALE" AT THE LYCEUM.

Miss Mary Anderson's experiment of doubling the parts of Hermione and Perdita was generally received with favour at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday last, but it may be doubted whether the performance will enhance her reputation among lovers of Shakespeare. With everything in her favour as regards stage accessories and scenic effect, there was yet lacking a true dramatic ring about her impersonations. As the innocent and unjustly accused Hermione, whilst throughout handsome and winning enough, her demeanour seemed rather as if intended to excite the jealousy of Leontes than to show an absolute innocence beyond suspicion. Then when it came to the Court Scene, where Hermione has to infuse pathos into her utterances, to show grandeur in her fearless repudiation of anything like an unfaithful thought, it must be confessed that Miss Anderson failed to do justice to her task. There were no tears in her deep-toned voice, there was nothing convincing in her violent display of grief, she made pauses at the end of lines where there should have been none, and over all the fatal American accent, though less pronounced in Miss Anderson than in the majority of her compatriots, made it painfully apparent that the language was not spoken by one born in Shakespeare's country.

The second part of the play introducing Miss Anderson as Perdita is altogether more pleasing and better suited to the display of her powers. Always studied in her movements, she yet presented an attractive shepherdess, and in the pastoral dance bore herself with some of the bright animation of girlhood. The last scene with the revelations of the statue of Hermione in the room of Paulina's house was very skilfully carried out, considering the difficulty which arises from having one actress to play two parts. Miss Anderson makes as perfect a statue as flesh and blood could represent, and here, as elsewhere, her efforts were received with hearty applause which, in this

instance, was well deserved. The support accorded her was adequate as times go, and Mr. Collette's impersonation of Autolycus, if hardly that usually expected of the part by readers of Shakespeare, was heartily welcomed, and he had every encouragement from the audience to make him believe his presentation was correct. Mr. Forbes Robertson, as Leontes, seemed better able to cope with the difficulties of blank verse than the rest of his coadjutors, no doubt from past experience with Mr. Irving. As has been stated the scenery is charming, and that alone will repay a visit to the Lyceum. A reassuring feature of the management, now that the Exeter disaster is in everybody's mind, is a set of commissionaires stationed about the entrances to the auditorium, who are distinguished by a badge marked "Special exit attendant." All the exits are open for use at every performance.

Notes and News.

LONDON.

Mr. Scovel has asked us to publish the following: "I have severed my connection with the Carl Rosa Company, for which he has brought suit against me for £500. My response is in the hands of my solicitors, A. Calkin, Lewis & Co. I have finished the cure at Karlsbad, having completely recovered my physical and vocal strength, and leave in a few days for Milan, where I shall remain until I decide upon offers I have had from America and Australia.—E. SCOVEL."

Lovers of high-class music will be glad to know that the excellent Saturday concerts at the Crystal Palace under the direction of Mr. Manns are to be carried on with undiminished spirit. The season will open on October 8, when Josef Hofmann, the boy phenomenon, will be the pianist, and when a concert overture, "Jugendträume," by the young English composer George J. Bennett, will be heard for the first time. A new suite of ballet airs by Mr. Goring Thomas will be one of the attractions of the second concert, and the fourth concert coinciding with the centenary of the first performance of *Don Giovanni* at Vienna (October 29, 1787) will be exclusively devoted to extracts from that masterpiece. Among novelties to be produced before Christmas we may mention a concert overture, "Land of the Mountain and the Flood," by Hamish MacCunn, an overture in E minor, by Schubert; the fantasia symphonique, "Eroica," by Rubinstein; a "concertstück" for violin and orchestra, by M. Saint-Saëns; and a concerto for clarinet and orchestra by Rietz. The second half of the series will commence on February 11, and Herr Joachim will make his annual appearance in March. Choral music, not hitherto the strongest point of the Crystal Palace concerts, will be made a special feature, and Sullivan's *The Golden Legend* and Mr. Cowen's Worcester oratorio *Ruth* are set down for performance on October 22 and December 17 respectively, the principal soprano part in the former being assigned to Madame Nordica, and in the latter to Miss Anna Williams. The choral novelties will include a cantata, *The Day Dream*, words by Tennyson, music by Mr. C. T. Speer; and a ballad, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," set to Campbell's words by Hamish MacCunn. It will be seen that in the composition of these programmes a variety of tastes has been consulted, and that to English, or at least British, music an important place has been assigned. The prospectus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which has just been issued, also includes Mr. Cowen's *Ruth*, and further announces the "Jubilee Ode," composed by Mr. W. G. Cousins, and, as far as our experience goes, by far the most valuable contribution made by music to the recent national celebration. Signor Bottesini's *The Garden of Olivel*, to be produced at the Norwich Festival next month, will also be performed by this society, which will be conducted as heretofore by Mr. W. H. Cummings. The concerts will take place on Thursday evenings, with the exception of the sixth and last of the series, which is announced for Tuesday, March 27. The season will commence on Thursday, November 17.

Among the books recently published are Madame Janka Wohl's translation into English of her volume on Liszt. From Paris we hear of the publication of Monsieur Deldevez's "Société des Concerts, 1860 à 1885 (Conservatoire National de Musique)," and from Leipsic (Forberg's) of a work on bassoon-playing, "Praktische Fagott-Schule," by Julius Weissenborn. A second edition of Richard Wagner's "Gesammelte Schriften und Dichtungen" is announced by Herr Fritzsche, of Leipsic. The work will be issued in thirty-one parts, at the price of sixpence each part.

The third season of Monday Popular Ballad Concerts at the Athenæum, Camden Road, N., will begin on October 3, under the direction of Miss Nellie Chaplin and Mr. Arthur Walenn. The vocalists announced for the first concert are Miss Margaret Hoare, Miss Meredyth Elliott, Mr. Orlando Harley and Mr. John Bridson.

OBITUARY.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Thomas Spencer of Birmingham, a well-known amateur, whose portly form and cheerful voice were scarcely missed at any festival where Mr. Lloyd sang. He took a prominent part in the arrangements of the great Birmingham gatherings, and will be missed by all who knew him. The funeral took place at Wolverhampton on Wednesday afternoon, and amongst those present were Signor Foli and Mr. N. Vert who had specially travelled down from London, Mr. Lloyd being prevented by a professional engagement from doing honour to his departed friend.

Dr. Strauss, one of the oldest members of the Savage Club of which he was one of the founders, died last week at Teddington. There are now but a few surviving members of those who founded the Savage, these being, we believe, Mr. Deffet Francis, Mr. Tegetmeier, and Mr. Lionel Brough.

Miss Mathilde Wurm will give a grand concert at Princes' Hall on the evening of November 1.

Mr. George Fox has composed a new romantic opera on the subject of "Robert Macaire" which will be produced at the Crystal Palace next Tuesday. The cast will include Mesdames Bauermeister and Lucy Franklin, Messrs. H. Sims Reeves, George Marler, D. Cox, J. G. Taylor and the composer.

A subscription has been set on foot by the friends and pupils of the late Mr. J. B. Welch, the well-known professor of singing, for the benefit of his widow and children. Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Santley, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Franklin Taylor, Mr. Maybrick and Mr. Henry Blower form the committee, and subscriptions will be received by Mr. N. Vert, 6 Cork Street, W.

The Duke of Cambridge has recently issued an order prohibiting the bands of the Household regiments, horse and foot, from playing at any place of entertainment outside the Home district. Should this order be rigidly adhered to it will make a serious difference in the quality of the bands in question, as one of the chief sources of income to the accomplished players in them are "outside" engagements, and they are not likely to forego the numerous opportunities they have had of playing "from home" for the sake of the meagre pay of a military bandsman. The intended resignation of more than one of the bandmasters is already rumoured.

Mr. Barton McGuckin has been engaged to sing at the Cincinnati Festival next May. He will undertake the chief tenor music in Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost*, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and Dvorak's *Spectre's Bride*.

Mr. Edward Terry, the well-known comedian who has been playing with great success at Newcastle in "The Woman Hater," has selected "The Churchwarden," one of his recent successes, as the opening piece for his new theatre in the Strand.

PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM, Sept. 12.—We are swiftly drifting towards the season of concerts, operas, and oratorios, and the monotony of the long and dormant summer-season is fortunately ended. The musical hydra has at last been lured from its hiding place. Heralds, one by one are loudly proclaiming what we have to expect in the way of music. First in the field comes Carl Rosa's Opera Company, who open a week's engagement at the Theatre Royal on Monday next, Sept. 19. Their *répertoire*, with the exception of *Lucia* and *Masaniello*, promises no novelty. The list of artists includes some names new to Birmingham. Miss Fanny Moody, who has already won a fair reputation, will no doubt further endorse her former successes. Of Mr. Runcio (*alias* Signor Runcio) we had already occasion to speak when with Colonel Mapleson's Royal Italian Opera Company in December last. Madame Marie Roze, and Madame Georgina Burns are the *prime donne* as before.—The Birmingham Musical Association have abandoned their cheap Saturday popular concerts, but plenty of substitutes are found, and we hear that our Town Hall is already engaged for every Saturday up to Christmas. Mr. Gilmer, our local *primo* cornet player and bandmaster, will give five popular Saturday evening concerts with his splendid military band of 30 performers. Some vocalists of note are to appear at each concert, and Mr. G. Halliley will preside at the organ. The Midland Musical Society will take up several Saturday evenings during the season, and will produce oratorios at miscellaneous concerts specially intended for the artisan classes. Numerous organ recitals by local organists, with vocal and instrumental solos, under the management of Mr. Parker, will take up the remaining Saturday afternoons and evenings. At the moment of writing we have received Mr. Stockley's circular of his fifteenth series of Subscription Orchestral Concerts. The following artists have been engaged for the four concerts, viz., Madame Georgina Burns, Madame Helen Trust, Mademoiselle Antoinette Trebelli, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Orlando Harley, Mr. Henry Pope, Mr. Leslie Crotty, Miss Fanny Davies (solo pianoforte), and Mr. Carrodus, solo violin. The principal new works to be performed will be Cowen's New Symphony, and Dr. Villiers Stanford's Irish Symphony. Messrs. Harrison have not yet issued their Leviathan programme for the season.

The Festival Choral Society will shortly bring forward their scheme for the present series. At the Theatre Royal *Dorothy* will occupy the boards for this week, and at the Grand, Lecocq's new comic opera, *Pépita*, will be given for the first time in this town. Notices of these will appear in our next report. It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Mr. Thomas Spencer at the age of 45. Mr. Spencer took great interest in all matters musical, and was an active member of the Birmingham Musical Festival Committee. His counsel and judgment will be greatly missed by his colleagues. He enjoyed the personal friendship of most of our principal artists, by whom he was greatly esteemed.

Sir George Macfarren's cantata "The Lady of the Lake" is to be performed by the Blackburn Philharmonic Society next month, with full orchestra and chorus. Handel's *Messiah* is also announced for performance during the society's forthcoming season.

A three-days' Musical Festival is to be held at Cheltenham on October 24, 25, and 26. An organ will be erected for the occasion in the building in the Winter Garden where the Festival will take place. Amongst other works to be performed are *Elijah*, *The Golden Legend*, and Sir Herbert Oakley's "Jubilee Lyric." The artists engaged are Madame Nordica, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Haggard, Mr. Grice, and Mr. Watkin Mills, with band and chorus of 300.

DUBLIN, September 12.—The Carl Rosa Opera Company concluded their visit to Dublin on Saturday night, by a performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The house was crowded. Madame Georgina Burns who took the part of Lucia, received a special compliment from the occupants of the gallery, who lowered to the stage a bouquet, a basket of flowers, and a dove. The gallery of the Dublin Theatre is generally frequented by students, and some of these gentlemen relieve the tedium of the *entr'actes* by musical performances, soli or choruses. They are very critical, and can be very enthusiastic; the late Madame Titiens was an especial favourite of theirs, and had several proofs of their admiration of the kind described above. Miss Kate Drew made an efficient Alice, Mr. Leslie Crotty played a good Ashton to his wife's Lucia, and Mr. Valentine Smith distinguished himself as Edgar. The harp and violin obbligato passages were greatly appreciated. Mr. Goossens conducted. All the members of the Company except three who reserved themselves for the chief parts in *Lucia*, were heard at an afternoon concert in the Leinster Hall. Madame Marie Roze was in excellent voice, and won an encore in Ardit's Waltz.—A pleasant relief to the monotony of life in the wards was afforded recently in the visit of Madame Marie Roze to the Jervis Street Hospital. Under the guidance of Dr. Martin and other members of the medical staff she made the round of the wards, conversing freely with the patients, and afterwards sang to them from the platforms erected in the male and female departments. The kind graciousness of the prima donna, no less than the feast of music she provided, were greatly appreciated by the sick and convalescent, as well as by the numerous visitors among the audience.

MANCHESTER, Sept. 13.—This week some interesting changes are to be made in the "Silent Orchestra," which, as before stated, is a collection of the manuscript scores and autograph letters of the great composers, gathered together by Mr. Watson Smith, and by him very kindly lent to the Jubilee Exhibition. The additions include MSS. by four members of the Bach family—C. P. Emanuel, Johann Ernst, Friedemann, and J. Christian Bach. Six unpublished concertos by the last of these are now shown for the first time (lent by Mr. J. Matthias Field). The Beethoven letters and MSS. are of especial interest. In his private note-book we see with sad clearness how great was "the Titan's" struggle with the adversities of circumstance? One would fain imagine that this man's life was characterised by the same massive sublimity that we find in his music; that he towered head and shoulders above the petty annoyances of life; and that his sorrows—for his works give us fullest evidence that he had sorrows—were of a kind such as comes not to the lot of ordinary mortals, and such as music only can fully express. But to a large extent this was not so; and hence it is that when we come across such entries as this—"Freitag den 6ten nicht gegessen"—our feeling is one which entirely transcends the domain of mere intellectual sympathy, and touches at once the level of profound personal emotion. A little later on, "Courage!" he says, "through all weakness of the body the mind ought to govern." The keynote of his life is here. Ill-paid—often not paid at all—tortured with paltry domestic difficulties, and largely misunderstood as he was, we still feel that taking him all in all, his soul was worthy of the music it created. A number of his letters will also be exhibited. One of them, to his brother Johann, indicates pretty clearly the want of sympathy that existed between the two. Other letters are to his pupil Ferdinand Ries referring to the sale of one of his compositions, and containing amongst other things a well-merited compliment to the old-established publishing firm, Messrs. Chappell & Co.; to Prince Rasumoffsky (in French) asking payment for revision and correction which, alas, he never got; to his copyist, relative to the copying of the A minor Quartet (Op. 132); and to Diabelli. The manuscript scores will be noticed next week.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. Alfred Watson and Mr. Edgar Wyatt have obtained a favourable verdict from a sympathetic Nottingham audience for

their operatic venture, *Count Tremolio*. The company have left for the Isle of Man. Messrs. Van Biene and Lingard's new comic opera, *Pépita*, will be given on the 19th inst. Madame Patti is to sing here on Nov. 28. She will be supported by Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Georgina Ganz, Mr. Orlando Harley, Signor Foli, Miss Nettie Carpenter, Signor Tito Mattei, and Mr. W. Ganz. We also expect shortly to hear Mr. Charles Santley, with a good concert company; Master Josef Hofmann, Mdle. Rosna Isidor, and Signor Bottesini.

FOREIGN.

A Liszt Society is about to be formed in Vienna, with a view to securing the production, from time to time, of the works of the great pianist and composer. It appears that, out of 1233 works known to be written by Liszt, only 206 have as yet been performed in the Austrian capital. The catalogue of the compositions issued in the prospectus of the society classifies them as follows, viz.: 54 orchestral compositions, 70 songs with piano accompaniment, 3 string quartets, 12 compositions for the violin, 8 for the violincello, 30 grand organ pieces, 16 for the harmonium, 5 melodramas, 33 compositions for two pianofortes to be played by two performers, 20 for two pianofortes played by four performers, 8 for piano and orchestra, 585 two-hand and 90 four-hand pieces for one pianoforte, 1 piece for cymbals, and 2 pieces for pianoforte to be played with the left hand only.

Massenet's *Cid* will be produced at the Vienna Opera on November 19. Fräulein Lola Beeth has been engaged for three years, and is to receive a yearly salary of £1,800.

A novelty of considerable interest to orchestral conductors has been constructed by Messrs. Bechstein, to the order of Dr. Von Bülow. It consists of a conductor's desk and piano combined, and it is so arranged that the conductor may himself accompany the recitative *secco*, and support the band or singers without leaving his desk or taking his eyes off the full score. The appearance of an ordinary conductor's desk is to some extent preserved, and the tone of the piano is clearer and fuller than could have been expected from so small an instrument.

A serio-comic opera, entitled *Waldmeister's Brautfahrt*, was produced at the Berlin Walhalla Theatre, with but little success, although the presence of the composer, Herr Neuendorff, who had come over from New York to conduct the first performance, gained for the piece a fair measure of indulgence.

At the Berlin Kroll Theatre, a new tenor with plenty of voice but lacking in knowledge of vocalisation, has created a sensation. He is a Hungarian by birth, named Palik, and was a successful animal portrait painter. He appeared at Berlin as Sever in *Norma*, and sings under the name of Ricardo. Herr Bulss commenced an engagement at this theatre on Sept. 2, as Zampa, and was warmly received.

Several favourite singers have lately given their farewell performances: Frau Prell, contralto of the Frakfort opera, and Herr Udvardy and Herr Blum, tenor and baritone at the Wiesbaden Court Theatre.

On August 28, Lassen's musical setting of Goethe's "Pandora" was performed at Munich, which has followed the lead of Weimar in producing this work.

The orchestra at the Mayence Theatre has been lowered one foot and a-half.

Verdi's *Othello* is being studied for performance at the Regio Theatre at Parma in the course of this month.

On September 4, the statue of Victor Massé was unveiled at Lorient in the presence of a large crowd, including a number of distinguished musicians and other visitors from Paris. The marble figure, by Antonin Mercié, represents the composer seated, his head inclined in a listening attitude; with his left hand he appears to command silence while with his right he prepares to note down his thoughts. The artistic effect is extremely good, and the portrait excellent. Some figures recalling Massé's most popular works—*Les Noces de Jeannette*, *Les Saisons*, *Paul et Virginie*, and *Cléopâtre*—have a place on the granite pedestal. M. Léo Delibes delivered an eloquent address. He was followed by M. Jules Barbier, Massé's chief collaborateur. A banquet at the Town Hall, illuminations, torchlight procession, and dances, concluded the day's festivities.

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